POETRY.

The Exiles---A Tale of New England.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[The incidents upon which the following ballad has its foundation, occurred about the year 1660. Thomas Macey was one of the first, if not *the* first, white settler of Nantucket. A quaint description of his singular and perilous voyage, in his own handwriting, is still preserved.]

The goodman sat beside the door
One sultry afternoon,
With his young wife singing at his side
A quaint and goodly tune.

A glimmer of heat was in the air—
The dark green woods were still;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
Hung over the western hill.

Black, thick, and vast, arose that cloud
Above the wilderness,
As some dark world from upper air
Were stooping over this.

At times, the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain.

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came,
And stood before the farmer's door,
With travel soiled and lame.

Sad seemed he, yet sustaining hope
Was in his quiet glance,
And peace, like autumn's moonlight, clothed
His tranquil countenance.

A look, like that his Master wore
In Pilate's council hall:
It told of wrongs—but of a love
Meekly forgiving all.

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"
The stranger meekly said;
And, leaning on his oaken staff,
The goodman's features read.

"My life is hunted—evil men
Are following in my track;
The traces of the torturer's whip
Are on my aged back.

"And much, I fear, 'twill peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience sake."

Oh, kindly spoke the goodman's wife—
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,—
"We will not leave thee to the storm
Whoever thou may'st be."

Then came the aged wanderer in
And silent sat him down;
While all within grew dark as night
Beneath the storm-cloud's frown.

But while the sudden lightning's blaze
Filled every cottage nook,
And with the jarring thunder-roll
The loosened casements shook,

The heavy tramp of horses' feet
Came sounding up the lane,
And half a score of horse, or more,
Came plunging through the rain.

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—
We would not be house-breakers;
A ruefel deed thou'st done this day,
In harboring banished Quakers."

Out looked the cautious goodman then,
With much of fear and awe,
For there, with broad wig drenched with rain,
The Parish Priest he saw.

"Open thy door, thou wicked man,
And let thy pastor in,
And give God thanks, if forty stripes
Repay thy deadly sin."

"What seek ye?" quoth the goodman,—
"The stranger is my guest;
He is worn with toil and grievous wrong,—
Pray let the old man rest."

"Now, out upon thee, canting knave!"
And strong hands shook the door,
"Believe me, Macey," quoth the Priest,—
"Thou'lt rue thy conduct sore."

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth,
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

Down from his cottage wall he caught
The match-lock hotly tried
At Preston-pans and Marston-moor,
By fiery Ireton's side;

Where Puritan and Cavalier,
With shout and psalm contended;
And Rupert's oath, and Cromwell's prayer,
With battle-thunder blended.

Up rose the ancient stranger then:
"My spirit is not free
To bring the wrath and violence
Of evil men on thee:

"And for thyself, I pray forbear,—
Bethink thee of thy Lord,
Who healed again the smitten ear,
And sheathed his follower's sword.

"I go, as to the slaughter led:
Friends of the poor, farewell!"
Beneath his hand the oaken door,
Back on its hinges fell.

"Come forth, old gray-beard, yea and nay;"
The reckless scoffers cried,
As to a horseman's saddle bow
The old man's arms were tied.

And of his bondage hard and long
In Boston's crowded jail,
Where suffering woman's prayer was heard,
With sickening childhood's wail,

It suits not with our tail to tell:
Those scenes have passed away—
Let the dim shadows of the past,
Brood o'er that evil day.

"Ho, Sheriff!" quoth the ardent Priest—
"Take goodman Macey too;
The sin of this day's heresy,
His back or purse shall rue."

And Priest and Sheriff, both together
Upon his threshold stood,
When Macey, through another door,
Sprang out into the wood.

"Now goodwife, as thou lovest me, haste!"
She caught his manly arm:—
Behind, the parson urged pursuit,
With outcry and alarm.

Ho! speed the Maceys, neck or nought,—
The river course was near:—
The plashing on its pebbled shore
Was music to their ear.

A gray rock, tasseled o'er with birch
Above the waters hung,
And at its base, with every wave,
A small light wherry swung.

A leap—they gain the boat—and there
The goodman wields his oar:
"Ill luck betide them all"—he cried,—
"The laggards upon shore."

Down through the crashing under-wood,
The burley Sheriff came—
"Stand, goodman Macey—yield thyself;
Yield in the King's own name."

"Now out upon thy hangman's face!"
Bold Macey answered then—
"Whip *women*, on the village green,
But meddle not with *men*."

The Priest came panting to the shore—
His grave, cocked hat was gone:
Behind him, like some owl's nest, hung
His wig upon a thorn.

"Come back—come back!" the Parson cried,
"The Church's curse beware."
"Curse 'an thou wilt," said Macey, "but
Thy blessing prithee spare."

"Vile scoffer!" cried the baffled Priest—
"Thou'lt yet the gallows see." [ed,"
"Whose born to be hanged, will not be drown-
Quoth Macey merrily;

"And so, sir Sheriff and Priest, good bye!"
He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.

Now in the West, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

And through the broken clouds, the sun
Looked out serene and warm,
Painting its holy symbol-light
Upon the passing storm.

Oh, beautiful! that rain-bow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was blended—
One bright foot touched the Eastern hills,
And one with Ocean blended.

By green Pentucket's southern slope
The small boat glided fast—
The watchers of "the Block-house" saw
The strangers as they passed.

That night a stalwart garrison
Sat shaking in their shoes,
To hear the dip of Indian oars—
The glide of birch canoes.

They passed the bluffs of Amesbury,
And saw the sunshine glow
Upon the Powwow's winding stream,
And on the hills of Po.

The fisher-wives of Salisbury,
(The men were all away,)
Looked out to see the stranger oar
Upon their waters play.

Deer-Island's rocks and fir-trees threw
Their sunset-shadows o'er them,
And Newbury's spire and weathercock
Peered o'er the pines before them.

Around the Black Rocks, on their left,
The marsh lay broad and green; [ed,
And on their right, with dwarf shrubs crown-
Plum Island's hills were seen.

With skillful hand and wary eye
The harbor-bar was crossed—
A plaything of the restless wave,
The boat on ocean tossed.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay—
On the steep hills of Agarvon,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

They passed the gray rocks of Cape Ann,
And Gloucester harbor bar;
The watch-fire of the garrison
Shone like a setting star.

How brightly broke the morning
On Massachusetts' Bay!
Blue wave, and bright green island,
Rejoicing in the day.

On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.

And how, in log-built cabin,
They braved the rough sea-weather;
And there, in peace and quietness,
Went down life's vale together;

How others drew around them,
And how their fishing sped,
Until to every wind of heaven
Nantucket's sails were spread;

How pale Want alternated
With Plenty's golden smile;
Behold, is it not written
In the annals of the isle?

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand—
Free as the waves that butter
Along her yielding land.

Than hers, at Duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs—
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!
And grant for evermore,
That Charity and Freedom dwell,
As now, upon her shore!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thoughts on Labor.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

It is no law of God, that when Sin gets a foothold in the world it should hold on forever, nor can Folly keep its dominion over society simply by right of "adverse possession." It were better the body went bare and hungry, rather than the soul should starve. Certainly the Life is more than meat, though it would not weigh so much in the butcher's scale.

There are remedies at hand. It is true a certain amount of labor must be performed, in order that society be fed and clothed, warmed and comforted, relieved when sick, and buried when dead. If this is wisely distributed—if each performs his just portion, the burthen is slight, and crushes no one.—Here, as elsewhere, the closer we keep to Nature, the safer we are. It is not under the burthens of Nature that society groans, but the work of Caprice, of Ostentation, of contemptible Vanity, of Luxury, which is never satisfied—these oppress the world. If these latter are given up, and each performs what is due from him, and strives to diminish the general burthen and not add to it, then no man is oppressed; there is time enough for each man to cultivate what is noble in him, and be all that his nature allows. It is doubtless right that one man should use the services of another; but only when both parties are benefitted by the relation. The Smith may use the services of the Collier, the Grocer and the Grazier, for he does them a service in return. He who heals the body deserves a compensation at the hands of whomsoever he serves. If the Painter, the Preacher, the Statesman, is doing a great work for mankind, he has a right to their service in return. His fellow man may do for him what otherwise he ought to do for himself. Thus he is repaid and is at liberty to devote the undivided energy of his genius to the work.—But on what ground an idle man, who does nothing for society, or an active man, whose work is wholly selfish, can use the services of others, and call them to feed and comfort him, who repays no equivalent in kind, it yet remains for Reason to discover. The only equivalent for service is a service in return. If Hercules is stronger, Solon is wiser, and Job richer than the rest of men, it is not that they may desire more of their fellows, but may do more for them. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," says a good man. In respect, however, to the matter of personal service, this seems to be the rule: that no one, whatever be his station, wants, attainments, or riches, has any right to receive from another any service which degrades the servant in his own eyes, or the eyes of the public, or in the eyes of him who receives the service. It is surely unmanly to receive a favor which you would not give. If it debases David to do a menial service for Ahud then it debases Ahud just as much to do the same for David. The difference between King and Slave vanishes when both are examined from the height of their common humanity, just as the difference between the west and the north-west side of a hair on the surface of the earth is inconsiderable to an eye that looks down from the sun, and takes in the whole system, though it might appear stupendous to the motes that swim uncounted in a drop of dew. But no work useful or ornamental to human life, needs no debasing. It is the lasting disgrace of society, that the most useful employments are called 'low.' There is implied in this very term, tacit confession on part of the employer, that he has wronged and subjugated the person who serves him; for when these same actions are performed by the mother for her child, or the son for his father, and are done for love and not money, they are counted not as low, but rather ennobling.

The law of Nature is, that work and the enjoyment of the work go together. Thus God has given each animal the power of self-help and all necessary organs. The same Robin builds the nest and lives in it. Each Lion has claws and teeth, and kills his own meat. Every Beaver has prudence and plastic skill, and so builds for himself. In those classes of animals where there is a division of labor, one brings the wax, another builds the comb, and a third collects the honey; and each one is at work. The drones are expelled when they work no more. Even the Ruler of the colony is the most active member of the state, and really the mother of the whole people. She only is 'happy as a king,' because she does the most work. Hence she has a divine right to her common station. She never eats the bread of sin. She is queen of the Workers. Here each works for the good of all, and not solely for his own benefit. Still less is any one an injury to the others. In Nature, those animals that cannot work are provided for by Love.—Thus a young Lion is fed by the parent, and the old Stork by its children. Were a full grown Lion so foolish that he would not hunt, the result is plain—he must starve.—Now this is a foreshadowing of Man's estate. God has given us ten fingers for every two lips. Each is to use the ability he has for himself and for others. Who that is able will not return to society, with his head or his hand, an equivalent for what is received. Only the Sluggard and the Robber. These two, the Drones and Pirates of society, represent a large class. It is the plain duty of each, so far as he is able, to render an equivalent for what he receives, and thus to work for the good of all, but each in his own way—Dorcas the seamstress at her craft, and Moses and Paul at theirs. If one cannot work through weakness, or infancy, or age, or sickness, Love works for them, and they too are fed. If one will not work though he can, the law of nature should have its effect. He ought to starve. If one insists simply upon getting into his hands the earnings of others and adding nothing to the common stock, he is a robber, and should properly meet with the contempt and the stout resistance of society. There is in the whole world but a certain amount of value, out of which each is to have a subsistence while here, for we are all but life tenants of the earth, which we hold in common. We brought nothing into it, we can carry nothing out of it. No man, therefore, has a natural right to any more than he earns or can use. He who adds any thing to the common stock and inheritance of the next age, though it be but a sheaf of wheat, or cocoon of silk he has produced, a napkin or a brown loaf he has made, is a benefactor to his race, so far as that goes. But he who gets into his hands by force, cunning or deceit, more than he earns, does thereby force his fellow mortal to accept less than his true share. So far as that goes he is a curse to mankind.

There are three ways of getting wealth.—First, by seizing with violence what is already in existence, and appropriating it to yourself. This is the method of the old Romans, of Robbers and Pirates, from Sciron to Captain Kidd. Second, by getting possession of goods in the way of traffic, or by some similar process. Here the agent is Cunning, and not Force; the instrument is a gold coin, and not an iron sword, as in the former case. This method is called Trade, as the other is named Robbery. But in both cases wealth is acquired by one party and lost by the other. In the first case there is a loss of positive value; in the latter there is no increase. The world gains nothing by either. The third method is the application of labor and skill to the earth or the production of nature. Here is a positive increase of value. We have a dozen potatoes for one that was planted, or an elegant dress instead of a handful of wool and flax. The two former classes consume much, but produce nothing. Of these the Roman says, "fruges consumere nati,"—*they are born to eat up the corn.* Yet in all ages they have been set in high places. The world dishonors its workmen, stones its prophets, crucifies its Saviours, but bows down its neck before wealth, however won, and shouts till the welkin rings again, "Long live Violence and Fraud."

The world has always been partial to its oppressors. Many men fancy themselves an ornament to the world, whose presence in it is a disgrace and a burthen to the ground they stand on. The man who does nothing for the race, but sit at his ease, and fares daintly, because wealth has fallen into his hands, is a burthen to the world. He may be a polished gentleman, a scholar, the master of elegant accomplishments, but so long as he takes no pains to work for man, with his head or his hand, what claim has he to respect, or even a subsistence?—The rough-handed woman, who with a salt-fish and a basket of vegetables, provides substantial food for a dozen working men, and washes their apparel, and makes them comfortable and happy, is a blessing to the land, though she have no education, while this fop with his culture and his wealth is a curse.—She does her duty so far as she sees it, and so deserves the thanks of man. But every oyster or berry that fop has eaten, has performed its duty better than he. 'It was made to support human nature, and it has done so,' while he is but a consumer of food and clothing. That public opinion tolerates such men is no small marvel.

The productive classes of the world are those who bless it by their work or their thought. He who invents a machine, does no less a service than he who toils all day with his hands. Thus the inventors of the plough, the loom, and the ship, were deservedly placed among those society was to honor. But they also, who teach men moral and religious truth, who give them dominion over the world; instruct them to think; to live together in peace; to love one another; and pass good lives enlightened by Wisdom, charmed by Goodness, and enchanted by Religion, they who build up a loftier population making man more manly, are the greatest benefactors of the world. They speak of the deepest wants of the soul, and give men the water of life and the true bread from Heaven. They are loaded with contumely in their life and come to a violent end. But their influence passes like morning from land to land, and village and city grow glad in their light. That is a poor economy, common as it is, which overlooks these men. It is a vulgar mind that would rather Paul had continued a tent-maker and Jesus a carpenter.

Now the remedy for the hard service that is laid upon the human race consists partly in lessening the number of unproductive classes, and increasing the workers and thinkers, as well as in giving up the work of Ostentation and Folly and Sin. It has been asserted on high authority, that if all men and women capable of work, would toil diligently but two hours out of twenty-four, the work of the world would be done, and all would be as comfortably fed and clothed, as well educated and housed, and provided for in general, as they now are, even admitting they all went to sleep the other twenty-two hours of the day and night. If this was done, we should hear nothing of the sickness of sedentery and rich men.

Exercise for the sake of health would be heard of no more. One class would not be crushed by hard work, nor another oppressed by indolence and condemned, in order to resist the just vengeance nature takes on them, to consume nauseous drugs, and resort to artificial and hateful methods in order to preserve a life that is not worth the keeping, because it is worthless and ignominious. Now men may work at the least three or four times this necessary amount each day, and yet find their labor a pastime, a dignity, and a blessing, and likewise find abundant time for study, for social intercourse and recreation. Then if a man's calling were to think and write, he would not injure the world by even excessive devotion to his favourite pursuit, for the general burden would still be slight.

Another remedy is this—the mind does the body's work. The head saves the hands. It invents machines which, doing the work of many hands, will at least set free a large portion of leisure time from slavery to the elements. The brute force of nature lie waiting man's command, and are ready to serve him. At the voice of Genius the river consents to turn his wheel, and weave and spin for the antipodes. The mine sends him iron Vassals, to toil in cold and heat. Fire and water embrace at his bidding, and a new servant is born, which will fetch and carry at his command; will face down all the storms of the Atlantic; will forge anchors, and spin gossamer threads, and run of errands up and down the continent with men and women on his back. This last child of Science, though yet a stripling and in leading-strings, is already a stout giant. The fable of Orpheus, is a true story in our times.—There are four stages of progress in regard to labor, which are observable in the history of man. First he does his own work by his hands. Adam tills the ground in the sweat of his own face, and Noah builds an ark in many years of toil. Next he forces his fellow mortal to work for him, and Canaan becomes a servant unto his brother, and Job is made rich by the sweat of his great household of slaves. Then he seizes on the beasts, and the bull and horse drag the plough of Castor and Pollux. At last he sets free his brother, works with his own hands, commands the beasts, and makes the brute force of the elements also toil for him. Then he has dominion over the earth, and enjoys his birthright.

From the New Hampshire Patriot.

"Inscrutable Dispensations."

We were struck the other day, in reading the proceedings of a mess of "doctors" about one of their number who had just been borne to the dark and narrow house, at the quietness with which the decease of their associate was laid at the door of Providence, and left there like a new-born infant at the gate of a foundling hospital. Not that the language employed by them differed in any essential way from that usually employed on such occasions. The spirit of it certainly is wide-spread in the community. "Whereas, by an inscrutable dispensation of Divine Providence," &c. We know nothing whatever about the particular case referred to, not even the name the faculty gave to the form of disease which gathered the professor of the healing art to his fathers. But we do know that men have no right to roll over on the shoulders of their Creator the responsibility of their own law breakages. Men do not die by inscrutable dispensations of Providence—men die through the natural and inevitable operation of the laws, against which they find themselves arrayed, or against which they sin. All over God's government, in the sphere of physical, as well as moral law, it is true, that the soul that sinneth, it shall die. The man who breaks his laws here, shall as inevitably meet the penalty of his disobedience, as there; and he who brings himself into harmony with the law anywhere shall reap the reward. There is nothing "inscrutable" about it. If you go on, year after year, sinning against your own natures, "whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do," in the house and by the way, in your downsitting and in your uprising—if you go to your feather bed late at night in your close room; tumble out in the morning, hurry your clothes on your unwashed bodies; drink your tea and coffee, your wine and your beer; eat your greasy gravies, your fat and high seasoned food; neglect systematic, regular exercise; and when, in one way and another, abused nature begins to protest, you fly for salvation to the drug vender and throw more poison into a system already struggling with it—if these are your habits, no wonder that an "inscrutable dispensation" gets along in good season and another "mysterious providence" lays you in the coffin. So men may name the puhishments violated law brings on the offender's head; but so men have no *right* to name them. Nothing in the arrangements of the wise and good government we live under, comes or goes by chance. The very hair on your head is registered; yon poor sparrow does not fall to the ground idly.—The Creator's laws are all pervading and every where unbending and unescapeable.

How much better for all of us it would be, if, instead of canting about "inscrutable dispensations" and "mysterious visitations," we would set ourselves at work to lay hold of and conform ourselves to the laws through which alone health is possible! The law that destroys you when working against you shall save you when you work with it.—There is no partiality and no hypocrisy here. The true soul will rejoice with a solemn gladness, when he sees men, as the reward of their folly, in this way and that, perish. For it assures him that the universe is not carried on by blind chance; that there is a living soul at the centre of it all. If A. B. *breaks* law and escapes, how can C. D. hope by *obeying* law to be the gainer? If men may trifle with it, we are all afloat and the universe is the Devil's. The time may come when we shall be called to account for the use we have made of our powers of body and mind. We may be asked what right we had to reduce our strength and ruin our powers, by following the misguidance of our own lusts, and refusing the waters of Jordan.—And we shall have to answer the question in one way or another. Cant and catchwords wont help us then. It was but the other day that an acquaintance told us that men and women did not die only because they broke laws; and that water-cure was a humbug—or, as he called it, "potash." Alas, Providence, not an "inscrutable" one, has since laid its heavy hand on his family and taken away *two*. He trusted in drugs and their priests; the law ceased not its operations;—and his dear ones are in the grave! Nothing "mysterious" here; it would be mysterious if it were not so! Why should we lay on God the consequence of our own errors and crimes?

The Passion for Surgery.

Theodore S. Fay, in a letter to the Home Journal, relates the following anecdotes of Dieffenbach, the celebrated German Surgeon whose recent death has been deeply regretted by scientific men:

"He was a small man, with a high, shrill voice, and nothing externally remarkable, except a pair of brilliant black eyes, and a good deal of dash and style in dress and equipage. His thirst was for those terrible operations for which he was so celebrated. Among others, this:—He one day saw a student in the street, with some unhappy exeresence growing out of his head or neck, and that glittering eye once fixed on the poor fellow, it was not possible to escape. Dieffenbach addressed him, and proposed to operate for nothing. The man refused. He offered a bribe. In vain. He described the probable course of deformity. It would lead to torments—to death, perhaps. The student impatiently replied, "when he felt the approach of those grave inconveniences, he would address himself to the operator, and not before." Dieffenbach left him at length, and the young fellow returned to his books, pipe, and lectures, laughing heartily at the perseverence of his formidable enemy, and congratulating himself upon a happy escape. But one morning about daybreak, a knock at his door announced, as the sleeper supposed, the *Steifulputzer*, the boot cleaner, who usually came at that hour. He rose, unlocked the door, and lo! Dieffenbach stood before him, with those supernatural eyes, and four stout medical students at his back.

"We have come to operate upon you!"

"No! *Donner Wetter!*" cried the student.

The surgeon made a sign. The subject was thrown upon the bed and held there by firm force. He had scarcely time to express his sense of his treatment, by certain German exclamations, when his frightful infirmity was whisked off from him, and he lay a month or two in bed, recovering from the effects. He did recover completely, and the students, the subordinate demons of this diabolical drama, declare the ungrateful dog was no sooner on his legs again, a corrected and mended man, than he went and sued his benefactor, and recovered heavy damages.

Another person had a protuberance upon the end of his tongue. Up to a certain day the history was the same as the preceding. On that day, Dieffenbach, having received a final negative to all his prayers and remonstrances, requested at least one farewell look at the beautiful object of his desires. The unsuspecting patient put out his tongue, and, in the twinkling of an eye there was a needle through it, about a half a foot long, retaining it immovably in its place, and cutting short all expressions of disapprobation and ineffectual arguments. The happy artist now had every thing his own way. And what his own way was, I leave you to imagine."

TEARS.—Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops fall easily from the bud, rest on the blossoms of the maturer flower, and break down that which hath lived its day.

Agents for the "Bugle."

—:o:—

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and T E. Vickers.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm J. Bright.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Hannah T. Thomas; Wilkesville.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnady.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor
Lodi; Dr. Sill.
Chester ✕ Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardson.

INDIANA.

Winchester; Clarkson Pucket.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Michner.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pittsburgh H. Vashon.